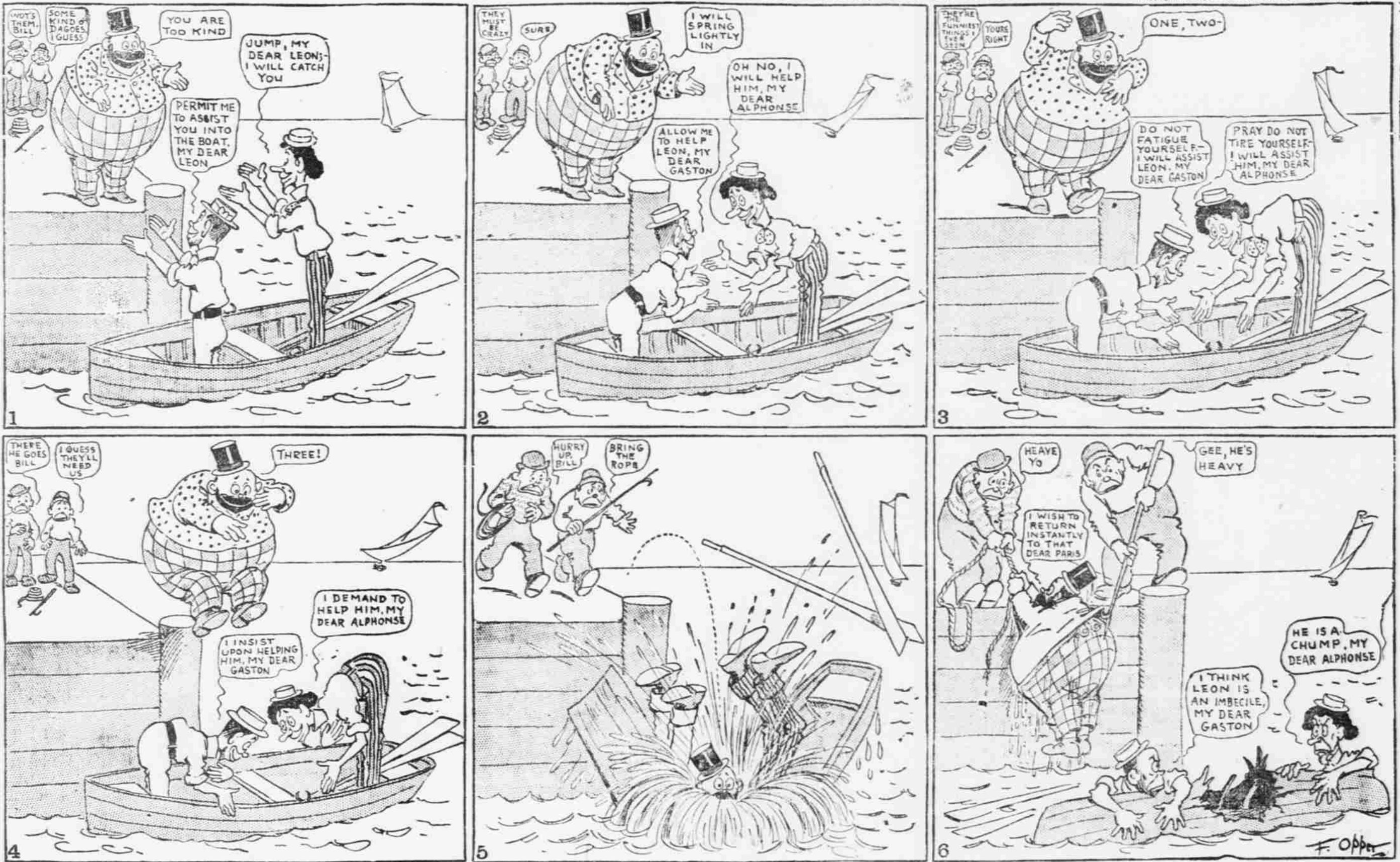


ALPHONSE AND GASTON.

They Invite Their Friend Leon, Just from Paris, Out for a Row.



OUR LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.
Grandmother: "Come, come, you naughty little girl, you must go and have your face washed. When I was your age my face was washed three times a day!"
Ethel: "Perhaps that's what shrunk it."—Moonshine.



WORSE AND WORSE.
She: "My cousin Lillian is so disappointed."
He: "May I ask why?"
She: "Well, she came over here to try and marry a ping-pong champion."
He: "Can't she get hold of one?"
She: "No, I guess she'll have to be content with a mere nobleman, poor darling."—Moonshine.

Even Then.
Willie (studying his Virgil): "Pa, I'm stuck. The Trojan gladiator is saying something to his rival here and I can't make it out."
Pa (looking up from his sporting sheet): "Maybe he's telling him to go get a reputation."—Exchange.

After the Plunge.
"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked the inquisitive friend.
"Neither," replied the spectator. "I was a donkey, pure and simple."—Chicago News.

A Little Encouragement.
"My heart," he said, "is in this work."
"Good," she replied. "Now, if somebody would put some brains in it we might look for results."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Just Like Her.
Tess: "I suppose that homely Miss Bookbinder wore a beautiful gown at the Horse Show, an usual?"
Jess: "Yes, it suited her to a T. It was rich, but exceedingly plain."—Exchange.

Good, but—
"Of course," said the church trustee, "we realize that you are a good preacher, but—" "But," interrupted the minister who was unable to collect his salary, "I appear to be doomed to be good for nothing."—Exchange.

Keeping Up with Rate.
"You will be married within a year," exclaimed the fortune teller. "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, who was already married. "I shall have to begin divorce proceedings at once."—Boston Post.

The Policeman's Pull.
Mr. Hanks: "Here's the most beef cooked to death again. Can't we ever have it rare?"
Mrs. Hanks: "I'm afraid not. The policeman on this beat likes his meat well done."—Philadelphia Press.

Only Possible.
"After you," said the janitor philosopher, "perhaps the safe trust was started by the cereal-food concern to sell more of its products."—Exchange.

Not Yet on Trial.
"Ping-pong is being played everywhere; have you tried it yet, Judge?" asked the lawyer.
"No, I'll wait until it gets into court before I try it."—Yonkers Statesman.

SOBERING OFF.



(1) "I wonder where the elevator is!"



(2) "Must be here."



(3) "Hullo, there, elevator! That boy must be alien!"



(4) "Help! Help!"—Der Dorfbarber.



A SNOWDROP.
The Regenerated One (to Jones, who is waiting for his girl in his best clothes): "Ah, my friend, why don't you come inside and be one of us? I was like you once, but now I'm whiter than snow."—Pick-Me-Up.



HE KNEW.
Young Doctor (who has just received his diploma, to friend): "The next thing will be to hunt up a good, sickly locality and wait for something to turn up—like patience on a monument."
Candid Friend: "Yes, and it won't be long after you begin that the monuments are on the calendar."—Moonshine.